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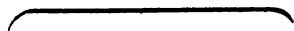
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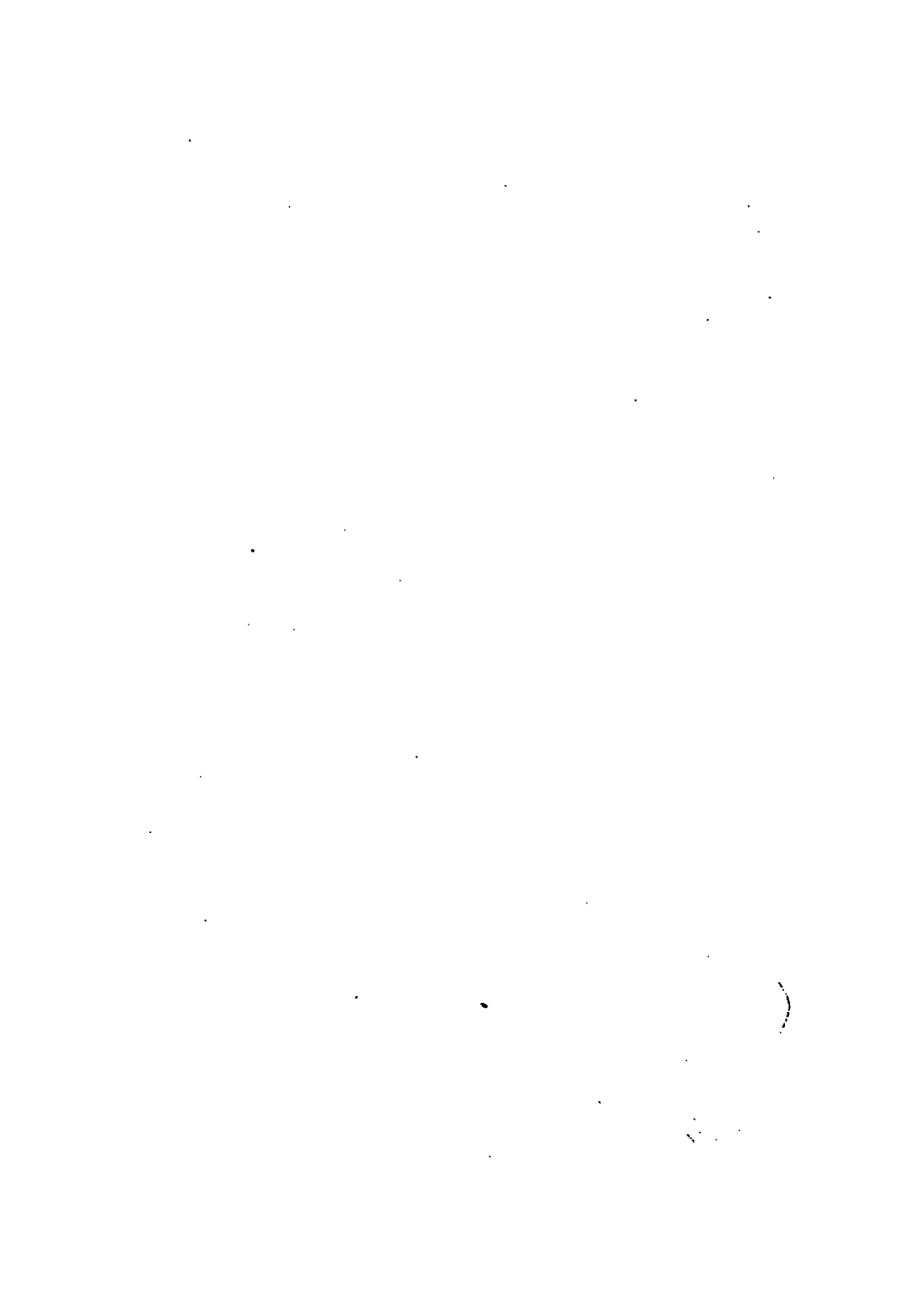
Down the Road With a Tramp Writer

LIVINGSTON WRIGHT









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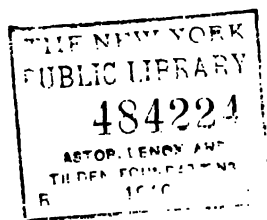
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Down the Road With a Tramp Writer

LIVINGSTON WRIGHT



**The Black Lion Publishers
Boston, Mass.**



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*The Brookline Print
Brookline, Mass.*

M. F. CROW MAY 27 '10 27cts

TO HARRIET MARGARET.

Oh, thou art proud, my Scottish lass.
The chieftain blood is in thy vein ;
The blood that flowed at Bannockburn
And gave to Bruce his deathless name.

The heather bloom is on thy cheek ;
The challenge rests in thy grey eye ;
The royal crest is on thy brow :
It traces to the Campbell cry !

THE SHERIFF.

His hat is soft, but his eye is hard.
 And his handy gun,
 His dandy gun!
His aim is death to the thousandth yard,
 With that handy gun,
 That dandy gun.

His stride is slow, but his hand's a flash,
 With that handy gun,
 That dandy gun!
That tiger move means a bullet's crash
 From his handy gun,
 His dandy gun!

He's up on trails but down on crooks,
 With his handy gun,
 His dandy gun!
He reads the law from calf-bound books
 With his handy gun,
 His dandy gun!

The plain he roams, but he's tots at home,
 And his handy gun,
 His dandy gun!
His wife, and they know of weeks alone,
 For that handy gun,
 That dandy gun.

They'll front him one day with slug from back,
 For that handy gun,
 That dandy gun!
His fate's "On duty and in his track,"
 With his handy gun,
 His dandy gun!

The crows will pick at his corpse so white.
 But his handy gun,
 His dandy gun!
His wife will weep by the lone shack light.
 But that handy gun,
 That dandy gun!

THE FLOWER KNIGHTS.

[To M. L. E.]

Oh the Rose came forth in the sunburst light,
And he wafted kiss to the Lily white,
Shook the dew from crest and the challenge gave
To the Orchid cold in his darksome cave:
"What hast thou to seek from thy serpent's lair?
Only love bear I to the Lily fair."

But the Orchid came when the night was deep,
And he whispered low in the Lily's sleep:
"Oh the Rose's love is an empty goal,
'Tis the Orchid's breath that enchains the soul."
And he stole away with the Lily white
For his hapless prize in the gruesome night;

But he did not wreck with his love that scorns
That athwart the path were the Rose's thorns.
Now the Rose's thorns were alertly set,
And they caught the thief in their midnight net,
And another dawn gave the Rose his bride,
For the Lily wept by the Rose's side.

A "SKIN VILLAGE" IDYL.

(State Street, Boston, wherein centres her financial headquarters,
is locally, and some think appropriately, known as "Skin Village.")

To Boston's Copper market .
In the fall of '96,
There flopped an auburn wonder
Full of Gas and Sugar tricks.
His name was Thomas Lawson,
And his holler it was tall,
For like the noble Roman,
Lawson too was made by Gall.

Now Boston's " fine old fam'lies "
With ancestral mining stock .
Just notified their agents :
" Fracture Thomas Lawson's block ! "
But Thomas' face took on the
Famous Thomas Lawson grin.
Quoth merry Tom : " I'm anchored
In the village known as ' Skin.'
Come on, you ' fine old fam'lies,'
I've a clutch that's like a clam ;
My name is Thomas Lawson,
And I do not give a —ham ! "

When the smoke of battle ended,
Thomas gazed upon the wreck ;
Like Hannibal at Cannae
Took he jewels by the peck.
With horses, dogs and writing
Makes he now a dreadful din ;
But here is public notice :
Thomas dwelleth still in " Skin."

TO THE PLAYER.

We kicked blind Homer o'er the world,
While living, bade him beg his bread.
But seven cities claimed him, dead.

The Player once was vagabond.
We spat upon the minstrel band
And thought it refuse of the land.

Ah, me! the whirligig of Time!
What yesterday was counted crime
Tomorrow wills is the sublime!

And now—behold proud Thespis crowned
And feted at the shrine of Art,
The guest of Fashion, Learning, Mart!

ILLINOIS.

(Read before the Sons and Daughters of Illinois at the banquet given at Young's Hotel, Boston, Dec. 8, 1897, to celebrate the eightieth anniversary of the admission of Illinois into the Union.)

We hail thee, youthful Prairie Queen;
With love we tell thy wondrous tale
Of life, and know that fairy's dream
Beside it groweth dim and pale.

ILLINOIS.

We gaze upon thy rolling wold,
Where serpents in the tall green sedge
Had once their home, and now behold
The cities, farms and lanes of hedge.

ILLINOIS.

We think of thy broad fields of corn,
When sun doth glint on rustling leaf,
And fairer not is summer morn
To those who love their native heath.

ILLINOIS.

From off this fertile, mellow earth
Hath patriots and heroes sprung,
And Slav'ry's doom first had its birth
When Lovejoy's fateful knell was rung.

ILLINOIS.

When shrill the bugles sounded far,
The country needing men of thew,
In thousands rushed to Freedom's war
From grassy plain, thy boys in blue.

ILLINOIS.

What MEN thou gav'st this Civil strife —
A Lincoln, Logan, Grant and Yates.
Brave Baker, Wallace, yielded life
In battle scarce they'd left thy gates.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago as a Phoenix flow'r
Doth stand "I WILL'S" supremest test,
From swamp to city in an hour,
Exotic of the boundless West.

ILLINOIS.

And so, to thee, most gracious Queen,
This night thou hast our hearty cheers;
So brave thy past, we would that e'en
Thy future glow for untold years.

ILLINOIS.

THERE'S BUT ONE VALENTINE.

[TO M. E. W.]

And each man knows it!
He knows it when the day doth end,
And craving peace, he comes to lend
Himself to visions.

For in the blaze, he
Can see a face—a face, to him
That makes the earth's red lights grow dim,
Since heaven opens.

And there he sits, with
His dreams, his sacred dreams—until
His pipe goes out. He summons will
And shambles bedward.

But through the pane, he
Still sees a face that's framed in stars.
It burns his brain; relentless, bars
The way to slumber.

There's but one valentine.

THE HURDY-GURDY STATESMAN.

I comma to de gate at half pas' nine
An' never go away 'til get de dime.
Ram a jam jim jam jamboree.

I saila from da It., de sunny clime,
Be mucha bigga joy de whola time.
Ram a jam jim jam jamboree.

Play alla fina tunes dat goes around,
De longa an de short; de tunes dat sound.
Ram a jam jim jam jamboree.

I savea soma mun, an' wish to state
Dat soma fina day go Legislate.
Ram a jam jim jam jamboree.

I learn de how de bigga politish,
Be mucha bigga sharp I get my wish.
Ram a jam jim jam jamboree.

You gotta getta hustle you be elect;
You buya mucha vote you getta nex.
Ram a jam jim jam jamboree.

You getta mad, I playa lika hell.
"Will I go 'way?" I never canna tell.
Ram a jam jim jam jamboree.

But when I getta to de Legislate,
I hava one tremonstrous celebrate.
Ram a jam jim jam jamboree.

THE PEASANT POET TO ME.

To peasant's hut, made out of clay,
World's many thousands take their way
 Past kings and thrones.
Desert the stately granite pile,
Forsake the realms of court and style
 For heap of stones.

Stand there with thoughts they cannot quote.
Consumed with tears they do not note
 From bursting hearts.
In awe they whisper: "Hence he came,
To be among the greatest names
 In all the arts."

Oh, Robert Burns! Dear Robert Burns.
That name of thine my heart concerns,
 Through tears I see,
'T were not that thou hadst failings too,
I'd fear the world ne'er had a view
 Of fool like me.

For 'twas the lasses ruined me!
I might done better, as I see,
 And been "Success!"
Mayhap, 't were not the crazing thorn:
The wondrous face and sculptured form
 I would caress.

Oh, Robert Burns! Thou knew that ache!
How heart can love and heart can break,
 Doom worse than slave.
When from one's longing soul, his star
'Midst many loves, dire Fate takes her
 He can not have.

O Robert Burns, thou art not dead !
The plowed-up field ; the breaking bread ;
 The hope for home ;
The sighing woods ; the tavern cheer ;
My ale and weed — they draw thee near
 When I'm alone.

I see thee in each pleading flow'r,
For thou art with me ev'ry hour
 On moor and dale.
I, poor and wretched writer man,
To thee, divinest of the clan,
 Have wrought this tale.

O Robert Burns ! The whole wide world
Was by thee taught : If Mind unfurled
 The broadest part,
And that should guide on life's behest,
There still remained as holiest
 And deepest, Heart.

THE WISH.

(TO E.)

Should I reveal my dearest wish,
And should that wish come true,
'Twere that you'd always think of me
 As I think now of you.

For when I strolled in solitude
Beside the silvered strand,
And softly said : " How beautiful ! "
 I'd long to clasp your hand.

And I would know—ah, wondrous thought!—
That you, where'er you'd be,
Were thinking, thinking all the while,
Thinking, love, of me!

Ah yes—the finer, deeper things,
The All that reached my soul,
Would find an echo in your heart;
For you would be my Goal!

ON HEARING OF THE ENGAGEMENT
OF MISS JOSEPHINE V. C——.

As some august, engoldened cloud
That moves in silent, solemn shroud
Across the sunlit heaven dome
Until its spirit form hath home
With vaster, awesome, o'erearth shape,
Wherein it, resting, clings and sleeps:

Thy soul, most splendid woman, borne
Sublimely, grandly; lonely, torn
With sorrow, yet unstained, but kept
Its sacred course when others wept
In shame, hath touched an hero's soul,
And thou shalt find eternal peace.

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER.

It's rise right up an' shout hooray!
We're goin' west today, today!
We're all sold out an' goin' west,
Where air is free an' lan's the best.

CHORUS:

Hi, Kitty, hi! ho, Jenny, ho!
The West is best, you know, you kuow!
We move each spring's a reg'lar thing.
(We don't hev much to move, by jing!)

It's git right up an' shout, I say,
We're goin' west today, today!
We got two mules, an' ole ile stove,
An' mod'rit grit from Pop'lar Grove.

We're goin' west sence '79:
We come from York State out that time
As fur's the hills o' Ohio,
To try 'n git rich 'n a year or so.

F'm Indianny 'n '84
We raced ole Ellernois all o'er;
F'm Ellernois to Ioway
Was where we lit fer our nex' stay.

Well, here we be in Kansas land,
A pikin' west to beat ther band.
We'll leave these Pop'lis' to their say;
We're headin' Collderady way!

THE MIDNIGHT FEAST.

[TO L.]

Oh, rarest, she, he'd e'er beheld,
Who spread the viands there!
With hungered soul he gazed him o'er
Her love-lit form, the Troubador.

He sat him there, the Troubador,
And dazed, enraptured, gazed.
Such dainty grace! Such dainty fare!
Her wondrous charm, the hostess there!

Ah, feast on feast had sequence there
Until the climax came.
When mingled flood's ecstatic love
Brought to this earth the heav'n above!

Ah—ah! it was a royal feast,
This midnight meeting there.
And when the Troubador took flight,
The moon had more enthralling light!

He had not gold nor worldly rank;
His melodies were all.
From them she'd drawn his finest art,
For he had given her his heart!

THE SOLEMN GODDESS.

Oh, ye that soak your souls in gold,
And ye that live the bone-rot life,
Awful tribute ye shall pay.
Your glutton feast, at which ye've sold
Your thew, shall halt. In eyeflash Strife
Rends the land and ocean way.

From spear-encrusted Valor heights
The Solemn Goddess shall appear,
Bearing you the Nation's sword;
And ye, tho' frantic to be knights,
Ye dregs of Lust, can not uprear
Even hands—far less the Sword.

The floating forts shall rock your coast,
And foreign steel shall plow your ground.
Earth shall sink 'neath armored hosts,
The while ye knowing, shall helpless roast
In mental hell. Your complaints but sound.
Beating air with maniac boasts.

The warhorse, wild with iron hoof,
Shall tramp ye in the blood-run earth
(Save the droves for madhouse slag).
The Kin, that poor, from soil woof,
Ye hath hated. They, through firth
Hell, they wade to rear your Flag.

Disgorge your gold, ere twice too late,
Let Will across your vice-trod ways,
Make a Solemn Goddess pact.
For she will come as sure as Fate,
As swift as lightning darkness flays.
Heed the Solemn Goddess fact.

DER YELLOW PAPER.

Who runs dis eardt und Heavens yet?
Makes drou' so dry and rain so wet?
Makes sun to rise, den makes it set?
Der Yellow Paper.

Who t'inks der t'oughts for all mankind?
Und gives us cheese, und not der rindt?
Who could not see it must be blindt,
Der Yellow Paper.

Who tells vat happened 'fore it didt?
Because of news dey must get ridt?
Und ve belief it — eff'ry bidt?
Der Yellow Paper.

Who gables Gott vat He shouldt do?
Und "roasts" him so He does it, too!
(Den gets His picture 'nd interview)
Der Yellow Paper.

Who knows vat comes beyond dis life?
Und vere ve go from eardtly strife,
Mit all der facts is always rife?
Der Yellow Paper.

Und ven der final Finish comes,
Mit "eggstras" und der fife and drums,
Toots homeward us poor sons of guns:
Der Yellow Paper.

JOUBERT'S GRAVE.

("And the British Officers, prisoners in Pretoria, sent a wreath."
Press dispatch.)

You strew flowers on Joubert's grave!
You despising his race and rights;
You who wanted to make him slave,
You strew flowers on Joubert's grave.

Nero mourning at Christian's bier!
Roman weeping for Gallic chief.
Empire gazing at Freedom's tear!
British soldiers, how came you here?

Eye for eye and a tooth for tooth,
That the measure you men of Mars?
Well, so honor the dead, forsooth.
Joubert's sword was a dread in truth.

Know you little and care you not,
Times the Boers made trek on trek,
Seven thousand of lions shot.*
That for Boers than Britain's blot!

Yet you'll never forget the trek
You did make from Majuba Hill,
Spion Kop and your bloody wreck.
Nicholson's and the Laing's Nek.

Strew your flowers on Joubert's grave!
Bow your heads and in silence say:
Joubert earned them and Britain gave
Loyal tribute at Joubert's grave!

* Paul Kruger once said that seven thousand lions were shot in settling the Transvaal country!

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

I hain't a doin' nuthin', no, I haint by gum!
Hain't doin' nuthin' but a-settin' in the sun.
I reely kain't do any work. 'Tso all fired hot.
An' when it turns off cold, forgit what work I got!
Fer while I'm settin' 'round, I git me so het up,
That when't gits cold I chill, and got ter wet
me up!

My wife she jaws me reg'lar: mornin' till the
night.

Says I be allers either fool or 'bout half "tight."
The flies a-whangin' 'round they seem er mockin' me.
They ain't a speck o' hope as fur as I can see!
I tried a spell o' fishin', but too tedjis work
A-settin' with yer laigs all doubled like a Turk.
I hankered after berries. Thort I'd try ter pick.
A black snake chased me so'st my appetite went
quick!

I meant ter make a garding, early in the Spring,
But hoein' tired me so'st give up the cussed thing!
You'll find that I have tried most ev'ry kind o' biz,
But allers soon went up with mighty leetle fizz.
I tried the hoss a-tradin', but was skun out'n stock.
'D tuck m' immortal soul if 'd had it out o' hock.
Oh yes! I've follered fashin' 'n kep' a groc'ry
store!

The sheriff closed me up 'fore 'd skurcely opened
door.

'F I'kd only git a "lift", jest' kinder off my back.
But only "lift" fer me is settin' on a tack.
Relations come around an' say: "Oh, what ails
Jim?"

I tell 'em "I do' know. But I am drefful slim!"
They hain't no other way, as fur as I can see,
But jest be 'shamed o' me an' jest ter lemme be!

THE DAY'S SPOKESMAN.

(Written at the time Kipling lay ill in New York.)

Say on, Rudyard Kipling!
You are the one man
Who can make a pen pulse
With the joys, the sorrows,
The hopes, the thoughts,
Of the common people.
The task fits no stripling,
For, God knows, there's a lot of us,
The common people.

Long life, Rudyard Kipling!
We want on this earth
Longer him who knows how,
If we do curse, are oft
In sin, or fault,
We the common people,
E'en take bouts at tippling,—
We can feel; and brave are our hearts,
We common people.

Say on, Rudyard Kipling!
Light for the new League:
Eagle soaring West,
Lion guarding East.
One mighty will
Of the common people.
And through ages rippling,
Your words, thus backed, shall hold
the world
To common peace.

SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH.

I am thirty-six today, mother,
Thirty-six today ;
I am thinking things today, mother,
It's the parting way.

There's another now, dear mother ; she is
Far away. The rose
Once it knew her cheek, dear mother ;
then it—
Ah, it was the rose !

That is gone forever, mother. That is
What they're bound to say.
Say that she is dying, mother, in that
Island far away.

Yet I love her now, dear mother ; though
the
Rose has gone to grey
Ashen, mother ; and they're bound to
say that
Death's not far away.

If she does get well, dear mother ; if she
Does get well again—
Say you'll give your blessing, mother,
'twould be
Heaven near us then !

THE SHOESTRING MAN.

His wares held forth, in trembling hands,
An outcast on the pave he stands.
To passers-by, the jostling clan,
He's just "Old Jones, the shoestring man."

His face is drawn from lack of food,
And cold and want; the whole dire brood
Of human ills the old man knows,
But never talks of alms or woes.

And yet—this palsied being there
Deserves the love of brave and fair;
Although you scoff, he wears a crown—
I'll tell you how he won that crown.

When Pickett's men, so fierce with hope,
At Gettysburg moved up the slope,
There on the ridge with gun in hand
In Northern blue Ben Jones did stand.

The march had bronzed his youthful cheeks,
He had the eye that courage speaks;
His brown hands gripped the rifle's stock,
Mid thousands more, to meet the shock.

Still on they came, that vast gray host,
The bravest lines the South could boast,
And then there came the flames of hell,
And with the flames the Southern yell.

The waiting North, it opened then
An awful hail on Pickett's men.
The Southern gray and Northern blue
Dyed waving wheat a color new.

Men dropped in heaps, in mounds of slain.
Remorseless guns made mounds again.
The feast of Death was spread that day,—
The guests were clad in blue and gray!

The stretchers came and stretchers went ;
At last, within the surgeon's tent,
On bloodstained blanket Jones was flung.
They dug some lead from Jones' right lung.

They shipped him home to Northern hills,
His body racked with wounds and ills.
They did not call him " fakir " then !
'Twas " Private Jones, a Sixth Corps man."

Oh, heedless, heedless sons of men !
When shall it come unto your ken
That palsied hand might once be steel?
That under rags a heart can feel?

You should salute this ragged soul !
He helped to keep your country whole,
And make it so that you could say :
" United States " or " U. S. A."

That's right ! Step up ! Just buy his wares !
(The act will help your evening prayers)
And when you pass this way again,
Why, stop and buy from " Shoestring Ben."

THE VAMOOSEMENT.

(On leaving Easton Street, Allston, for Holmes Avenue, Allston.)

Get right up and shout hooray!
All the street's agog today!
(My folkses is a-movin'.)

Such a pack o' truck! Great smoke!
I've seen duds, but such a poke!
(My folkses is a-movin'.)

Bags and bottles, rags and tags!
Loads and loads, and jags and jags!
(My folkses is a-movin'.)

JACK AT THE ZOO.

(Twelve-year-old philosophy.)

It makes me sick ter see them girls
'Ith hair a-stragglin' down in curls,
A-gigglin' 'fore that monkeys' cage,
An' handin' candy'n t'other stuff!
I'll tell ye what, an' 'taint no bluff:
I reely b'lieve fer one my age,
I haint had haf as good a time
'Z them pizen monkeys in that cage!

When I git home, it's: "Be real good
An' skip an' fetch Ant in some wood!"
Er "Jack, when I was nigh yer age,
I done a heap o' real hard work.
I didn't have time at all ter shirk!"
I hear it preached erbout my age
Ontil I'm wishin', all ther time,
Was just a monkey in er cage!

'F I reely was now, I should get
A heap good stuff ter eat, you bet!
A livin' there in that old cage!
I'd lay away a store o' things,
An' grab on all that folkses brings.
I'shd hear no talk 'bout "wise" and "sage,"
Fer day an' night an' all ther time,
I's just er monkey in er cage!

My finish though is mighty plain.
It's taters 'n gravy just ther same
'F I live a hundred years o' age,
I'll git no better 'n what I git!
But reely, Ant had oughter quit
Er fussin' 'n lekchrin' on "my age,"
An' goin' for me all ther time,
Er 'tll MAKE me monkey in er cage!

TO MRS. B——.

On receiving a rose at her hands.

Oh lady fair, oh lady rare,
With eyes of jet and dainty air,
This rose by me is truly taken
In spirit that 't was nobly given.

Oh lady fair, oh lady rare,
With eyes of jet and dainty air,
This rose bespoke thy fealty,
And thou shalt have my loyalty.

Oh lady fair, oh lady rare,
With eyes of jet and dainty air,
If Time or Fate shall e'er us part,
Knowst thou this rose is next my heart.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

[TO L.]

The Sire had hunted wide world o'er
His quest—a head and heart.
Till many souls he'd vainly scanned
That rarest jewel mart!

The Sire had wrought his empire out;
'Twas not in lands or state,
But just a hungry human soul
That dreamed of love and mate.

One wondrous day in golden Spain,
With Moorish castles near,
The Sire first laid his saddened eyes
Upon a vivandiere.

Her beauty told of faithfulness,
With eyes of velvet brown,
And olive-tinted velvet cheeks
That matched her soldier gown.

“Oh listen, listen, little one!”
The Sire drew close and said:
“My heart is broken, little one,
For that which was is dead.

“What will you bid, my little one,
For wreck of Sire's once self?”
“I'll give my all, dear Sire,” she said;
“It's love I want, not pelf.”

The Sire looked down, his grey eyes filled,
He could not trust to speech ;
He kissed the Little Corporal,
Who stood within his reach.

“ God grant,” he said, “ my little one,
The price you ne’er regret,
That Sire may know in you the hope
Despair made him forget ! ”

THE PEERAGE AND STEERAGE.

Don’t worry too much about the Peerage,
Your proper “ at home ” mayhap’s, the Steerage !
What lashins there is that want a keeridge,
But never get further ’n wine and beerage.
Upon me gadzooks, it is a queer age !
The maddenin’ howl for place ’n the Peerage
From those who belong right down ’n the Steerage !

SOMEWHERE THE SUN IS SHINING.

(It was the favorite saying of the martyr-President of the United States, William McKinley, that "Somewhere the sun is shining.")

"Somewhere the sun is shining ;"
Somewhere in this blinding storm
We call existence,
When gone the distance,
We shall know just why we're born.

"Somewhere the sun is shining ;"
Somewhere in this awful mist
We will, enchanted,
Our prayers granted,
Kiss the lips that we have kissed.

"Somewhere the sun is shining ;"
Somewhere in the grinding gloom
That deadens hoping
And leaves us groping,
We'll know something of the tomb.

"Somewhere the sun is shining ;"
Somewhere if we face the rain
Of sorrows riving,
Are ever striving,
There'll be peace effacing pain.

THE TWO EXCISEMEN.

HAWTHORNE AND BURNS.

"Barred by vastest space," smug Doubt would say,
"Soil can't blend with educated clay."
Yet they were alike, though bold the claim,
Inborn gifts were not diverse, but same.

Boots it not that one had Culture's best,
Bred from books and followed books' behest,
That the brother sprung from virgin ground,
Plowed his verse through heart of world around.

Just as he who wove in Salem gloom
Subtlest shades e'er known from writer's loom,
Ayrshire peasant picked that selfsame fire
Off a like, if crudely fashioned, lyre.

Strange, and strangely like! Twin the flame.
Sad, despairing, on the pile of Fame,
Each an exciseman, whose petty fees,
Mixed with ink, contrived a living's lees.

THE MAN OF CULTURED GALL.

I sing, I sing the rarest,
The Man of Cultured Gall;
The one who keeps on fighting.
Who knocks 'em out. That's all.

Yes, sneer; be ever sneering,
Emit your silly laugh,
While he, he keeps on fighting;
And that is more than half.

The way is heaped with failures,
The thorn's with ev'ry rose ;
But Cultured Gall's still fighting,
The very best he knows.

And when he lands, give credit ;
Your hats off! That is all.
Just thing of TIME, his landing,
The Man of Cultured Gall.

[A TROPICAL SONG.]

THE NIGHT THAT FATHER WORE HIS
BOOTS IN BED.

(Andante crashioso. Poeticum patheticum.)

*(Read with eclat before the Dub Club, Boston, and unanimously
adopted as the epic of the Club.)*

This is a tendther theme,
A tendther, touchin' dream,
The Night that Father wore his Boots in Bed.
My sister Sue she was in tears,
For Father'd had some twenty beers,
But Mother sought the rolling pin instead.

CHORUS (Repeat above stanza.)

He came home with a howl.
"Well, bless my modest sowl,
I can not find the keyhole, darn it all;
So many thieves is pokin' 'round,
The blamed old ranch will leave the ground;
They've gone and stole the keyhole from the wall.

CHORUS.

The unlocked door gave way,
And he fell in, they say,
While Mother swung with what she rolled the
bread.

Poor Father's old and prized plug hat,
Also his nose, she made 'em flat
The night that Father wore his Boots in Bed.

CHORUS.

When Father crawled up stairs,
He's sayin' of his prayers;
But rolling pin still swung about his head.
"O lemme be; O please, I pray!
O never more'll I git this way!"
The night that Father wore his Boots in Bed.

CHORUS.

Says Mother: "Ragin' pup!
I'm here to do you up.
Persuade some sense into your boozy head.
Just bet that I will let you be
When I am good and through with ye!"
The Night that Father wore his Boots in Bed.

CHORUS.

And though it was too late,
Poor Father hid his pate;
He tucked the bedclothes 'round his aching head.
His great big feet still stuck 'way out,
So Mother gave him "hot foot" stout,
The Night that Father wore his Boots in Bed.

CHORUS.

THE DRUM.

Oh the roll and the beat of a drum !
Oh the wonderful things,
Oh the courage it brings,
This roll and beat of a drum !

To the crash and the smash of a drum !
Oh the thrones it has rocked,
Oh the kings it has mocked,
This crash and smash of a drum !

With the boom and the zoom of a drum !
Oh the deaths it has brought,
And the heroes it's wrought,
This boom and zoom of a drum !

To the sound and the pound of a drum !
Oh the deeds it inspires,
Oh the glory it fires,
This sound and pound of a drum !

To the rattle and the tattle of a drum !
Oh the battles it has won,
Oh the verdicts begun,
This rattle and tattle of a drum !

THE GIRL SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

(Deborah Sampson of Sharon, Mass., enlisted and actually served as a soldier in the Revolutionary War! It is said that despondency over the death of her lover at the battle of Long Island was the real cause of her act.)

(1) Captain Webb (unknowingly) to the Girl Soldier :

If thou wert but a maid, my lad,
My true love I'd give thee.
Thy spirit, lad, hath wondrous grace
To stir the heart in me.

For when I touch thy slender hand,
Or thy fine face I see,
I feel the strangest thrill, my lad,
Steal gently over me.

Oh lad, thou art a mystery,
A mystery to me ;
For wert thou not so brave, my lad,
I'd swear 'tis maid I see.

For to the brutish war, my lad,
Thou'rt surely never born.
For finer ways, more merciful,
Once thou hast surely worn.

(2) The Girl Soldier's reply to Captain Webb :

I'll tell you, lusty lads,
And tell you straight and true :
I'll make you understand
I'm brave as any man !†

† She is accredited with having been.

Yes, you shall find, my lads,
That brawn it is not all.
In battle, understand,
I'm brave as any man !

For courage comes from heart.
The stripling may before
The bullets, understand,
Be brave as any man !

And if you think of me
As butt for ridicule,
In ranks, you'll understand,
I'm brave as any man !

SEPARATION.

The daisied fields have sadness now ;
All nature's gone to gray.
The robin with his plaintive note
Tells what my heart would say.

The rose that's blooming by the path
Is fading as I gaze ;
The sparrow's bathing in the dust !
All life's unending maze.

How strange that heart can cling to heart
Until the twain are one,
And separation's wretched death
To holy hopes begun.

For Love, it seems, can mould your life
And make you build or stay.
The reason why the world's agloom
Is: " She has gone away ! "

THAT AWFUL MAN.

[TO L.]

"Whatever I can see in him!"
They say, "That awful man!
He's got no cash and poor's a crow!
That perf'kly awful man!"

They pick at me from dawn 'til night,
The armed and hostile clan,
Say I "was roped right into love
With that presuming man!"

They say he looks "just like a rake!
Believe he is, so there!
Such slouchy gait! His blarney, oh!
I couldn't done worse, now there!"

And Papa says I'll starve to death,
And Mamma's in despair,
And Bob says: "Fellow 't hits the pipe
Will drink, and anywhere!"

Aunt Susie says: "A man who'll drink,
Will rob and steal and swear!"
She scolds me all the livelong day.
"Why, Lottie's crazy! There!"

My Uncle says: "He'll break her heart,
And then, desert her, too!
Them kind of men's got scores of girls.
They're worse 'n a sailors' crew!"

"There is no doubt," is what they say,
In "kind and calm" ado,
"This man is not her EQUAL from
A single point of view!"

The talk is getting worse and worse,
It almost kills me, too.
They've got a "special cablegram":
"The horrid creature'll chew!"

* * *

Well then — he comes! And that's my
Jack!
And kisses grief away,
And GRINS when told the awful news,
Says "'T's Ananias day!"

LLEWELLYN'S TIDE.

[TO H. M.]

The moon sails on her stately course
Far o'er Llewellyn's tide.
The lilies, rocked on jeweled couch,
Dream by Llewellyn's side.

The deer steals from the thicket dark
To take its midnight dip
In rare Llewellyn's limpid flood
And from Llewellyn sip.

The heavens spread their fleecy film
Above this silver sea,
While silent, solemn mystery
Works o'er Llewellyn's lea.

Llewellyn fair! Llewellyn dear!
Llewellyn long ago—
Fore'er to haunt my memory
Those evening shadows, oh!

For I did woo a maiden there,
A queenly maiden too;
'Twas there we whispered sacred love,
And felt Llewellyn knew.

But she is taken from me now;
My heart is ashes, oh!
And was Llewellyn scoffing, pray?
For did Llewellyn know?

THE MARTIAL BAND.

They're comin' over from Dana way,
Old man Hungerford's band!
You'kn hear 'em off in the distance, say!
Tee rugglee gluggety glugg-glugg-glugg,
Whee wheela wheelettee whee-whee-whee.
Old man Hungerford's band.

They're turnin' at the Doc. Allen place.
I seen 'em first an' I hear 'em quick.
Don't care 'f I have such a dirty face,
I'm 's good as you,—Oh, just hear 'em lick
That ole war drum! An' that glor'is fife!
It cuts the air like a thin, sharp knife.
Tee rugglee gluggety glugg-glugg-glugg,
Whee wheela wheelettee whee-whee-whee.
Old man Hungerford's band.

We children, rapt, on the crossing stand
In all admiring, absorbing gaze
Before the pageant, surpassing grand,
Reflecting valor's enthralling lays.
The new Bane wagon of red and green,
Most noble chariot ever seen.
The fifer tearing such mad'ning airs
Right off that stick! An' he only stares!
But greatest, Hungerford's grizzly form:
The Jove directing this furies' storm —
That little man with the seamy face
Who works a drum with such wondrous grace.
He makes it challenge, defiance growl,
'Til battle spirit consumes the soul.

And now its wildly inspiring roll
Proclaims the victory's bloody goal.
Again, he'll make it so gray and sad,
It groans and mourns for the soldiers dead.
This drum was none of your tinpan vamp,
But one of march and the field and camp.
'Twas heard at Shiloh and Lookout's host,
And went with Sherman to Georgia's coast.
Its great, deep bellow and angry roar
Bespoke the fields where the shells sailed o'er,
While he was working with conscious pride
The timeworn sticks on the timeworn hide,
The gaze of Hungerford's eyes afar
Told thoughts when he was a drumming star!
We children, following on to town,
Made queer procession as ever known,
Exclaiming all at each magic bar,
"He's drummer what drummed in the Civil War!"

Tho' this was many a year ago,
And brave old Hungerford's in his grave,
In dreams I often can see him now,
Out there where prairies with grasses wave,
Way off 'n the distance — ah could I quote
The wondrous fire of that martial note!
Tee rugglee gluggety glugg-glugg-glugg,
Whee wheela wheelettee whee-whee-whee,
Old man Hungerford's band.

WHEN THERE WAS HOPE.

[TO H. M.]

From an isle of green meadows
Out in the blue sea,
My own bonnie sweet lassie
Is coming to me!
With the bloom on her cheeks
And the pride in her eye,
I shall see my sweet lass
In the bye and the bye.

Though the storms did us part
And the billows do roll,
My own bonnie sweet lassie
Is still in my soul.
Why, I'm hearing the birds sing it!
The flowers say, too:
"Oh, your bonnie sweet lassie
Is coming to you!"

To a cosy, snug cottage
I'll take my dear bride.
Though the hearth it be humble,
There love shall abide.
Like a Queen o'er a kingdom
My lassie shall reign,
And no storm shall e'er part us,
United again!

THE LAY OF THE WANDERER.

For me, the Vale of Human Hearts !
Though shadows play and pain hath darts,
There Joy has heat ! And Faith is rock
That fire and flood can never shock.

I crave the air ! The silvered rills !
The diamond lake ! The purpling hills !
I plead to gaze where beauty sleeps,
And mother love its vigil keeps.

Ah, not for me the marble halls
Unless a heart throbs in their walls !
And o'er their solemn, icy height
The light of love grows clear and bright.

For all of Heaven this earth knows
Is love that from the heart outflows :
The love that hath not creed nor caste,
But gives to all while life doth last.

Ah, let me keep the mystic Vale !
It's simpler, but a nobler tale.
The heart can vanquish pedant's might,
And sorrow raise to glory's height.

The stars can sanctify the thought
Beyond all books that man has wrought.
The flowers, kissed by morning dew,
Can heal as mankind never knew.

NEVER GIVE UP.

'F they put ye down, git up again !
Why, saay, I've knowed, 'n my varygated time,
A lot o' fellers 't you'd a swore was out.
Yes sir; knocked cold. Was hammered stiff, by
jing,
'N then got on their pins 'fore "ten" was ring !

'F ye git it, still, with grit, you 'kn win !
Why, saay, just look the fellers 't we up'n fix
The date their fun'rals. 'N then they bury us !
That's what. Rekeer 't save the fun'ral cost;
Just won't decease 'f creation thinks 'em lost.

Don't know ye're licked 'n fight like sin !
Why, saay, just look a' Grant at Donelson;
All cut to bits, 'n country hollerin';
But yells o' "butcher," 'n "brute," did n't feaze
him bit;
Ye see what 's done 'fore Grant was ready t' quit !

Just make yer setback fight's begin !
Why, saay, I've knowed 'em well, them could not
fight
Ontil they got it good, a once't or twice't !
Seemed then ter wake 'em 'n sorter brace 'em up.
It's o'n, 'til gits well licked, 's no fight 'n the pup !

THE MAN WHO FOUGHT WITH LISCUM.

"He up an' smashed a hash-house man,"
The red-faced copper cried ;
"Was handin' punches hot from can
When I hove 'long beside."

The Judge peered o'er the railing, grim,
Down at the victim there :
"For vy, my frent, you do dis ting?
I asks you vy? Now dere."

A sad-faced man just silently
Gazed at the Judge's coat,
The button, bronze, that gallantly
Was won by Judge DeGrote.

"I ain't no bum, Your Honor, Judge;
I'm from the Philippines.
Out there in reg'lar service, Judge,
Just seven years it's been."

The judge glanced at his coat lapel
And thought of Sigel's men,
Then broke out fiercely: "Vy der hell?
I vish to know it den

You do dis, eh? You preak der Law—
All up." The man replied :
"Twas wrong, I know, to smash his jaw,
But hunger had me tried.

"Just off the transport—huntin' work,
But did not git no show;
The jobs don't fit with hunger 'n quirks
Down in yer stummick—so.

"I passed this tony restyrant.
'I'll trade some work for beans,'
I told the boss that owned the plant ;
'I'm from the Philippines.'"

He says: "Git out, you bum ! Git out
With you 'n yer Philipppines !
I don't do bus'ness on the tout :
It's cash for coffee 'n beans."

The man still eyed the Judge's coat.
"Why, mind it, Judge," said he,
"The likes of him ! That sassy goat !
A-sayin' that to me !

"Why, I was with ole Liscum, Judge !
The 9th United States.
You heered o' Liscum surely, Judge ?
Before them Pekin gates ?

"Well, I was there ; that's what I was.
We done our duty, too.
The bullets come a-sailin' 'cause
They shot to kill — a few."

The judge took off his specs just then
And wiped them, solemn, slow,
For he had thoughts of Sigel's men,
Some fifty years ago.

"De werdict dot now holdts der Court,
Undt let der werdick be.
Ve deals der Justice py dis Court !
Dot's vat I lofe to see.

"To please yourself you proke der Law
Undt smashed him two or t'ree ;
Ven negst you meet dot son-ver-gun,
Just smash him t'ree for me !"

THE LAST STAND.

[TO H. M., OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.]

Oh, my Harriet Margaret! My beauteous Highland lass.

What is this dreadful message they are bringing here to me!

Yes! It says — O God, it says — thou'rt gone beyond the Pass!

This ghastly grind of poverty and sickness ends for thee.

Oh, my God, my heart will burst! The world is mocking me.

Sunlight's but a taunting haze this February day.
Vain my fight with Sickness and the hosts of Poverty!

The Scourge, this night, in spite of all, has stolen her away.

Oh, my Harriet Margaret! My beauteous Highland star.

The strangest, solemn, holy glow. White heather of my life.

Must I live, a broken man, with Thou beyond the Bar?

Because stern Duty lashes me to others' ceaseless strife!

Oh, my modest Highland flow'r! My dearest dream of all.

Though twice ten thousand loves I'd know, I ne'er would Thee forget.

Moonlight on the waters may as spirit nectar fall,
Yet never so exultingly as nights that we two met!

For, with thee, my holy one, thou near me in the
field,
Thy beauteous profile sculptured so divinely
'gainst the moon!
There, enchanting Beauty made my common na-
ture yield
To thoughts that I must guard thee as a wor-
shipped lily's bloom.

Thus, each darkened tree became protecting
friar's cowl;
Each hillock was a grass-decked shrine; each
rock a warning call.
Heaven's untold bliss, itself, seemed flowing
through my soul;
While star-flecked, moon-wrought mantle spread
a halo over all.

Oh, my Harriet Margaret! The Ledge's sea-
kissed light!
There first I came to know that thou wert wrought
for me alone!
Solemn voices seemed to come afar that silver
night.
For we were both so poor, yet both were dream-
ing marriage, home.

Fate, that awesome power, helpless mankind can-
not guess,
Kept bringing us to blissful trysts in wood and
scented field.
Heaven's glow was on your face when, shy, you
whispered "Yes."
And I knew then your soul fore'er unto my own
was sealed.

Oh, my Harriet Margaret, my fair and fated lass.
The months, one day, revealed the startling, gruesome
dreaded scourge.

Swift its awful progress was, like Gauls' devouring
mass.

Around our love we heard the chant of grave's
despairing dirge.

When I sought thy far sea home, "the Isle that
rests on wave,"

A breathing skeleton I saw, yet loved thee as of
yore.

Love forced Hope to still fight on, my queen-like
child to save.

To let thee go had killed me, for I loved thee
more and more.

Ne'er thy Highland forbears, haughty Campbell's
warlike clan,

Filed forth from crag and glen to braver charge
their country's foe,

Than did thee, heroic maid, bear thyself 'gainst
Fate's dread plan.

Thy mien showed then, thou wert true Scot as
mortal man could know.

Oh, my Harriet Margaret! My beauteous High-
land lass.

I gaze at Heaven's spaceless dome, heart broken,
lass, for thee.

The Last Stand! Beseeching hope that, far from
Life's morass,

Somewhere, somehow, in peace as one there you
and I shall be!

JOHNNIE GITZIE'S STOVE [NOT].

[A Tropical Song.]

(A well-known anecdote relating to a Boston politician's early history alleges that, one day, a "trusty" approached John G. and said: "They's a fine, unused Crawford range out in the — School-house in Roxb'ry, 'n' if you was to send out your team you could git it well's not!" To this, the thrifty John G. is alleged to have replied: "No, I'll send up a City cart." How the undertaking came out is the theme of our wail.)

Me tale, it is patetic, and also, it's very old.
It breaks me 'eart to tell it on such meek and
modes' soul.
The scene is laid in Roxb'ry on one dark and
stormy night,
When Crawford range was taken out, completely
out of sight.

CHORUS.

Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie Gitzie,
That Crawford, Crawford stove;
It wan't your fault, dear Johnnie,
That you failed to git that stove!

A "trusty" tips off Johnnie: "They's a stove in
Roxb'ry school,
An' you could git it, Johnnie, if you aint a bloom-
in' fool!
It aint in use — and Johnnie, you just lemme take
your team,
An' I'll git you a Crawford, sir, a range that is a
dream!" — Chorus.

Says Johnnie to the feller: "Hush! You shock
my tender 'eart.
I will not send my own up; I will send a City
cart."

And out to anshint Roxb'ry on one dark and
stormy night,
Went feller for the Crawford for to haul it out of
sight.—Chorus.

The feller tugged and sweated 'til run out of pa-
tience quite.
“ If John 'd just take whole city, 'n stay contented
in his might! ”
At last he got the Crawford up in City wagon
strong,
An' set him out for Johnnie's cursing low and
much an' long.—Chorus.

West Boston bridge he'd reached in storm an'
rain an' sleet,
When idee up an' hit him so'st he most fell off
the seat.
Says he: “My notion's good one. I don't want
ter let it fly.
If JOHN can nail the Crawford, it is: why ther'ell
can't I?”—Chorus.

He clubbed 'is old 'orse backward, right around
within his track,
An' says: “ I'm off for junk shop, gittin' clo's for
hones' back.
You bet yer life that I shan't! JOHN, he das't
not make a squawk'
‘Pertectin' of the public' kin put others in ther
walk! ”—Chorus.

OLD BACHELOR AND BACHELOR MAID

ON GAZING AT A FEBRUARY BABY.

Dear little human flow'r!
Most precious earthly dow'r!
Thou gem from spirit bow'r!
Wee bonnie bud.

Most precious valentine!
All innocence is thine.
Ah! just from mold divine!
Thou wondrous rose.

The dearest little nose!
What tiny little toes!
See how he laughs and crows!
The heaven's pride.

Proud father, mother there.
You well may smile! Declare
Our silent, awesome stare
Becomes two fools.

In truth, we are! Two fools
With forty years of schools
And both on dunces' stools!
Diplomaed dolts.

Why, bach'lor maiden! List!
Thine eyes are filled with mist!
The hand, so often kissed,
Has crept to mine.

At last, we'll wed! Too late,
Perhaps, but yet, sweet Fate
Our secret dreams might sate
With rustling wings!

"THE MAN WHO DARED."

(John B. Moran, who, on his own platform as an Independent, was elected District Attorney of Suffolk County, Boston; who was *re-elected* by a vote greater than that of the Republicans and Democrats combined! Died in Arizona Feb. 6, 1909. Aged 49 years.)

Brave, and sad, and lonely heart, at last thou art at
rest;
And we, the erring and the weak, we mourn
around thy bier;
The boyish thief, deserted maiden whom your
mercy blest,
The widow and the orphan whom your kindly
words gave cheer,
E'en beggar in the streets to whom your pity
flowed,
The scum of misery e'er found in you a friend.
Whenever worst had come to worst, we knew that
you e'er showed
You measured sin with charity and would your
cunning lend
To help a poor transgressor who'd contradicted
hidden rule,
And had himself all tangled up because he did
not heed
The fact that ignorance of law can not e'en save
the fool,
Who gets himself into a scrape without a saving
meed.

We build no marble monument. That's what we
can't afford;
But we would tell the world that we can dearer
tribute rear
Than all the bronze and brass that wealth could
possibly accord

Your memory, dear John Moran. And that's our
silent tear,
Which flows because we know we've lost the most
unselfish soul
Whom we of dire misfortune ever had the luck to
know.
For you were for us; not because you hoped to
gain our whole
Unthinking minds unto your ends, but rather,
well we knew,
Because you wanted justice done to poor as well
as proud.
You hated policy that gave the rich a special
brand
Of law. Ah, when you in the Forum raised your
voice aloud,
We knew that we were safe! that Justice still
would rule the land.

'Tis sad, thy death, as ever mortal with all search
could cite;
For neither Burns nor Poe, Carlyle, in literary life,
Endured more than thou despair and poverty's
drear blight,
Nor labored more than thou to make charity and
pity rife.
E'en they, with all their hapless courings, had
their humble home.
Nor wife nor weans helped to brighten thy en-
glooméd hearth;
For thou hadst never known a home! 'Twas
thine to fight alone
The way of life; to live for others; make this
growsome earth
A little better because we'd known of you, dear
John Moran.

And therein rears thy real and lofty monument!
The fact
That thou didst use thy brilliant brains to aid the
Common Clan,
And sought the ear of Justice for us all, though
wealth we lacked.

EPITAPH.

Here lies "The Man who Dared"!
Aye, dared un-Christian laws;
And lived, while Riches stared,
To fight the Poor Man's Cause.
Here lies "The Man who Dared"!
Who died as he was known,
And Honor's brow is bared
In rev'rence o'er her own.

THE KITCHEN RACKET.

The shnow was bus'ly fallin' down,
The night was witchin' soft an' shtill!
Whin Clancy came a pokin' 'roun',
An' put the divvle in me will.

Says he: "We'll git the faithful few,
The crew on whom we can depind.
We'll tank up wid some mountain dew,
An' have all the ither rackets shkinned.

"I've told me wife, ' I'm out, the night,
To watch a frind an' brither through
Amazin' shpell o' sickness! Right
In luck 'f he lives, dinnoo! ' "

So 'f you'd been out at half-pas' nine,
You'd seen some figures bold,
A silent, chucklin, shufflin' line,
A pokin' long 'n the shnow an' cold.

McDougall, silent Scot, ahead,
With bagpipes underneath his arms,
A bulge upon his hip, it said:
"A flask of rare old Highland Arms!"

"I'll cheer me sowl!" thin Clancy said.
"McDougall makes me sadly mourn.
Some Irish potheen I've, me laads,
To cheer us till the dishtant morn!"

McDougall turned, beheld the sight,
Thin gave his hip a teasin' slap,
An' growled, "I, too, have solace bright!
(Thot's Jock's, afore ye'll git a drap!)"

On o'er the hills, across the brook,
 Up still more hills our path it took,
 While here and there through whisp'ring shnow,
 Came light of ingles' ruddy glow,
 Where neighbors, in to have a crack,
 Wi' ane anither (news waur slack).
 At last, we reached old Jock McGirr's,
 That cosy cottage 'neath the fir,
 Where cheer was always on the tap.
 (If knowin' "sign," he'd gie ye drap!)
 "The wife's asleep, she's deaf's a post!"
 Announced old Jock to ent'ring host.
 "You couldn't raise her'th crack o' doom!"
 We shuffled through to "living room."
 Ah, what a blessed cave tonight!
 The storm outside, but inside bright.
 The big an' old sheet-iron shtove,
 Dispensing sort o' cheer we love.
 The rafters hung wi' pots an' things,
 From cod to herrin', tong an' rings.
 The old brown cupboard, hinting shtore
 O' things ter dhraw ye miles or more.
 The ancient settles, 'luring sight,
 To plodders in the shnowy night,
 Seem haven as we sat us down,
 Most precious in the world aroun'.
 An' there we were, we laddy bucks,
 Some Irish, Scotch an' French Canucks:
 McDougall, Abercrombie, too,
 McGirr an' Clancy, Donoghue,
 Petrolier an' Joe Choutan,
 "Two bigges', fines' Frenchamen!"

McDougall blew within his pipes.
 What weird an' mystic, noisy gripes!

Thin, shtoppin', pulled the bottle out,
 An' said: "Apply it to the mouth!
 'Tis whusky, min, that's rare, the best,
 Brewed on Ben Nevis' hoary crest!"
 Again, the pipes he lovin' feels,
 An' war-cries, strathspeys, rigs an' reels,
 On sudden chase in wild array,
 Like countless Clans in mountain fray.
 Old Jock McGirr, wi' fiery eye,
 Says "Thims the tunes to fight or die!"
 McDougall's visage sterner grew,
 Like warrior fiend he steady blew.
 The Campbells, Menzies, Gordons, say,
 He called them all unto the fray.
 You saw the brake wi' javelins shtart,
 The hurtling arrow, glancing dart.
 The bonnet and the claymore bold,
 The Clans' war-cry swept o'er the wold.
 McDougall then caught Clancy's eye,
 An Irish jig came shparklin' by,
 An' Clancy then, the bogborn child,
 Became a dancin' fury wild.
 He hopped, he shkipped, he traipsed in glee,
 Wi' wondrous, breathless energy.
 He danced till he was out o' breath,
 Says he, "Most danshed mesilf ter death!"
 Here's where I hit the Irish dew!
 'Tis choicest brand o' Wicklow brew,
 Me hearties, here is rale ould shtuff,
 It shkins the 'Hielan' bad enough!"
 McDougall instant stopped the pipes,
 Exclaimed: "A'though I'd hae the gripes,
 'Tis ceevil thing ter drink wi' you.
 Ye, Clancy, tried ma Hielan' dew.
 Though 't pizen, I'll try Irish too!"

An' thus, between this rival two,
 Began discussion, interview,
 That threatened lasting night all through.
 From wit, they both got kinder mad,
 An' each put forth best jibes he had.
 McDougall threatened "Say that agin!
 'N I'm like to kick ye in the shin."
 An' Clancy answered with calm surprise,
 "Thin I'd have joy to black yer eyes."
 We shut it off right at this stage,
 Our feast was love an' not o' rage.
 We calmed them both an' changed the tune
 From war to roses, 'n flowers in June,
 Till we got Clancy started in,
 A singin' of the past that's been.
 His warm heart thrilled wi' loyal pride,
 As he unloosed the ballad tide.
 He sang the ancient Carolan,
 An' Con of Mara followed then.
 He painted wi' a tear dimmed eye,
 The glories of the history.
 We heard the thrush in scented vale,
 An' saw the Tipperary swale.
 We kissed the colleens, witching dears!
 An' hugged them like the hungry bears.
 We peeped at Irish gentry, too,
 An' Tara's Halls we saw anew.
 Again, we wore poor Clancy out,
 Reviving him wi' lusty "shout."
 Thin, Abercrombie, little man,
 But royal Scot, the whole o' him,
 Who, once, professh'nal singer'd been,
 Was called on for the Art work's ken.
 Wee Jim, while other entertained,
 Was fitting for a vocal strain!

Thus, when he 'rose wi' his bland smile,
Assumed his pose wi' easy guile,
We all knew Jim 'waur not too fu',
But had a plenty, just eneuch !
An' suddenly, the wondrous notes
Made lumps arise within our throats.
He sang, ethereal in style,
Immortal "Mary of Argyle."

Our heads bowed down, our hearts o'erflowed,
We had no 'shame that tears we showed.
The gifted Scot kept subtly on,
Wi' rarest art gave "Sweet Afton."
A windin' up most skilled o' "turns,"
Wi' treasured "Star o' Bobby Burns."
When Abercrombie took his seat,
A moment was we did not speak,
Thin said, while graspin' hand o' him,
"God gives such voice seldom, Jim !"
McDougall, raising hand like rock,
A patriarch upon his flock,
"We'll no forget, while mem'ry turns,
A standin' toast to Robert Burns !"
An' each man drank, in silence hard,
To Scotia's loved, immortal Bard.
To cheer us up, McDougall played
Some music of Prince Charley's raid.
An' then, our Clancy, darin' man,
Says, "You Petrolier, Choutan !
What say you, 'beega Frenchaman ?"
Like iron post 'rose Joe Choutan.
"I sing of zat Napolian !
Nor vile we haf no Carolan,
No Burns, an' I'm ze Merican,
Belle France she haf Napolian !

Le grand pere he fight under heem !
Ze greates' fightair worlde haf seen.
I gladt my name pe Joe Choutan,
Grand pere fought wit Napolian !
Marengo gave grand pere ze Cross !
At Vaterloo ze life he los.'
I close wit 'Vive le Empereur !'
Ze lily France ! Ze Fleur de leur !"
Wi' shout, we cried, "Here's to Choutan !
Ze cleveair, cleveair Frenchaman !"
McDougall gave the pipes a skirl
To cheer Choutan's victorious whirl.
'Twas getting late, we all stood up,
An' claspin' hands, took parting cup.
Wi' lusty lungs, we sang in time,
The grand old pledge of "Auld Lang Syne."

'Twas Clancy told our feelings all,
When near his gate and manor hall,
He whispered : "Fith wife don't peel me shkin,
I'm hopin' git out'n do this agin !"

Aye, choice event for Mem'ry's packet,
The night we had the Kitchen Racket !

TO MADAM E.

(ON DELAYED NEW YEAR GREETINGS.)

Ah, bewitching dame, thinkst not
That in these feastings thou'rt forgot !
Knowst thou that thy subtle charms
Transcend the skill of poet arms.
Thus, who seeks in rhythmic line
To laud the fascination thine,
Finds his theme as far o'er pen
As opal lights to instant ken,
Or, the orchid's conq'ring blow
Surpasses kindred flowers' glow.

Yet, my fair one, list my lay :
That mem'ries yet within me play !
Moonlit rocks and silver sea,
With lacelike clouds enshrining lea.
Whisp'rings sweet and rippling smiles :
The wich'ry of fair woman's wiles.
Thus, as meed of pleasures past,
Thy future pleasures may they last.
Charm other hearts, oh Presence fine,
With selfsame ease thou hast charmed mine !

THE DARNDEST TALE.

[A TROPICAL SONG.]

(An ode in honor of a certain kind of patent hosiery.)

This tale's of the Abbot of Aberbrothocks,
The plague of his life was the darning of socks!
Tho' pious, devout and renowned for good fare,
The darning of socks made him wish he could
swear.

For, try as he would to forget his old feet,
He had to try darning a once in a week.
He'd jab the old needle so oft in his thumb,
He hated their sight and took solace in rum.

Sir Ralph of "The Rover," the chap you know
well,
The critter who cut down the Inchcape bell,
His wreck was good turn for the once in his life,
To Abbot who suffered from having no wife.

For, early next morn, the old Abbot's on rocks,
Equipped to examine the loot under locks.
He had a crowbar for to open in glee
The iron-bound chests floating in from the sea.

He worked like a beaver through all the forenoon,
When, presto, his heart it emitted a tune.
"Oh joy," he cried, "it's oh joy to these rocks!
Why, here is a bale of the 'holeyproof' socks!

"At last, I can snap my old fingers in scorn
At finest of woman that ever was born!
For here, as I live, are the socks for my soles,
I need now no woman, I've socks with no holes!"

MA "BONNIE JEAN."

(TO MRS. A.)

Yer kindly soul and cheerful form
Have cheered me in full many storm,
For when I had no place the nicht,
I'd know yer thochtfu' candle licht
 Ud licht me in!
Ma "Bonnie Jean."

I see ye noo, 'n yer plaidie shawl,
A bant'rin' me, 's ye heard me bawl,
Through door ajar, "Please let me in!"
A peerin' through, ye cautious yin,
Ye'd smilin' say: "Who's this, the nicht?
Marauder 't might put out ma licht!
I think I no will tak' ye in,
The nicht; a'though ye 'took me in'
A'richt, a'richt, sae lang ago!
'Tis juist ye seek ter eat an' sleep,
Ye rovin', good-fer-nothin' cheep,
Ye come ter me! I'm lass wi' sense
The noo, taught by experience!
A'most SURE 'll no tak ye in.
No blether me wi' 'Bonnie Jean'!"

An' then, I'd say: "I like ye, Jean!
Ye're bonnie, too, as younges' wean!
I got some 'dew' 'n we'll hae a drap!
Juist let it storm, we'll hae oor nap.
Please gie me in ter warm ma back,
We'll hae a nip an' tak a crack.
I lo'e the honey o' them lips,

Juist ance th' mair gie me those sips.
Ma Jean, we'll hae some hot pea-soup,
An' knock old Care adoon the stoop.
 'T's no bletherin',
 Ma Bonnie Jean.

I hear ye noo. ' I'm same puir fule !
So queer that lasses can't keep rule.
'Tis strange that I, wi' forty years,
Ha no mair sense than saftest dears.
An' here ye in ! Ye'll kiss me, Jock,
I'm no outgrown the lovin' smack.
An' here we are 's I knew 'twould be !
Agin, ye make me cook fer ye.
Ah me, the weemins always fules
Where min's concerned ! Juist min's pack
 mules !"

Ah, "Jean," all blessings to yer name !
Where'er ma course, where'er ma hame,
I'll ne'er forget the good in ye.
Where'er ye are, where'er I be,
I'll pray when I've no place, the nicht,
That I might know yer candle licht
 Ud licht me in,
 Ma "Bonnie Jean."

MY BLACKTHORN COLLEEN.

[TO M.]

Your love's like the Shannon's turbulent roll,
In giving your heart, you must pour out your soul.
The wine of the vale is within your hot blood,
Your feelings are fire and your love is a flood.

The blackthorn's a bloom in your passionate sigh,
The temp'rament Irish gleams forth from your eye,
Your bosom exhales the sweet breath of her fields,
Your lips are the roses that Ireland yields.

You gave unto me the one jewel, so rare,
That those who go seeking know none can com-
pare
With that a good woman consigns to the man
Who takes her true love where no stranger has
been.

So, here are more kisses, my girl of warm heart;
The land of poor Emmet is source of your art.
The land that gave scholars, that learning once led,
Whose colleens ne'er weary of being love fed.

THE MAJOR.

(TO J. H. W.)

A mind like a rapier,
And eye like an eagle.
That's the Major!

He practices law as he fought in the War:
A long and careful sweep o' the field,
Then moment's glance o'er followers steeled,
And Heaven have mercy'n your faltering soul.
Here he comes!

Crash upon your weakest place!
You, with staring, blenched face,
Forget to think of what you ought to do,
Until too late to mend the interview!

Some riders fall. The grass grows red,
And many brave wight's 'n his battle bed.
But more are coming!
More critters with guns!

And when your rent flag comes flutt'ring down,
The Major rides in to view the town!
His laugh is so jolly. His eye so bright,
But keen as the stars that o'erwatch the night.
He says: "It was tough, but mighty nice.
(Tho' thought they had me a once or twice!)"

God bless his brave soul.
That soul of the skies!
I prize the fact that I knew such man.
The noblest type of American!
The Major.

THE FALLING SNOW.

(TO H. M.)

I stand beneath this awesome silence, 'lone:
Alone.

Behold these strange and subtle messages unknown,

With heart that writhes in vacant, helpless misery.
The very rocks, the sentry trees, they mourn
with me.

The deadened earth, the grewsome air, the gusts
that blow ;

All sympathizing Nature seems, with me, to know
The snow is falling on Her grave !

I reach my hand to grasp these billets ; lo,
they're gone !

Have vanished swift as earthly joys we thought
we'd won,

Or youthful dreams of bliss when life, at waning
noon,

Meets blow that breaks the heart's one honest,
soul-sung tune.

And, as they lower, softly, slowly over all,
To me, this mantle's Nature's holy, heav'n-
wrought pall,

The snow that's falling on Her grave.

These fleecy flakes, I know that they are spirit-
blown,

For they are come from up where She is ; weirdly
sown

By that o'er-reigning Law of Laws on atom Earth,

Foretelling that the Death shall ever presage
Birth.

Thus, in this fact, kind Hope reveals a precious star
That glows down through this dreadful, blinding
night afar!

The snow is falling on Her grave.

I must look upward! E'en through spaceless,
flake-forged gate,

The heart's consuming cry must, must reach
waiting mate!

She must know I am out in storm because I seek
My lass! Her spirit's somewhere o'er this sky
of sleet.

She must know I shall find her, 'spite the ghastly
art

Of swirling storm. But, oh 'tis falling on my
heart!

The snow that's falling on Her grave.



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